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PARIS OUT OF DOORS.

ONE gets easily to Paris now-a-days. Twelve hours by rail and boat, including about an hour altogether for stoppages, is all the time a traveller is called upon to spend between London Bridge and the Barrier St Denis. It is a pleasant transit, too, if the sea is in good-humour during the two hours it takes to sputter across the Channel. There are new phases of life to look at the moment you touch the Gallic soil—new faces, new costumes, and new manners; and then there is a new country to scour through at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, in a stuffed and padded carriage, even though you be a second-class passenger; and you can really take your ease as you are whirled along. On you go, over a flat, sandy district, only half cultivated, where women in wooden shoes till the ground, drive the cattle afield, and even signal the train, flag in hand, as you dash across the level cart-roads. Anon you leave the sandy plains behind, and launch upon a district of marsh and peat, and dried flags, and ponds and ditches with flat-bottomed boats, and white mud cottages, and everlasting rows, and ranks, and endless avenues of poplar-trees—till they too vanish in the rear. Then come towns and villages and church-spires, and villas and châteaux and gentlemen's seats; and you leap over noisy brooks and winding rivers, and through corn lands and pastures and orchards; and you dash into cities and suburbs, and out again—now with a thousand eyes upon you, and now without a witness of your flight save some solitary crow which you have disturbed from his repast. And so on and on till your sixty leagues are done, and the warm sun, which has been watching you all the way, is drawing the red curtains round his resting-place, when Paris receives you in her bosom. The moment the train is at a stand-still, out you jump upon the platform, and hailing a cab, get into it, and plunge at once between the lofty walls of the pale milkwhite houses, and rattle and rumble onwards to the Boulevards.

At anyrate, that's the way we did it the other day, only the beginning of last month; and having left London at eight in the morning, plumped into the middle of the Boulevard Poissonnière just as the last gleams of the sun were fading from the high chimney-tops, and the lamps below, followed by the stars aloft, were about to glimmer forth. The cool twilight still bathed the towering roofs and upper stories of the huge irregular piles which stretched away on either hand as far as the eye could penetrate; while on the faces of the innumerable crowd that thronged the promenades, flashed the warm gleams from countless

glimmering jets of fire, reflected in unnumbered mirrors. In a few minutes, we have housed ourselves in a temporary home, and, freed from the dust of travel, have made our bow to madame, the presiding goddess of a populous tavern, and called for dinner. While discussing that with the deliberation becoming one who has fasted for the last threescore-and-ten miles, we have an opportunity to look about us as well without doors as within. Parisians like to do everything *en spectacle*, and have no notion of making a secret of their enjoyments; therefore our tavern, to its furthest corner, is revealed through its crystal front to every eye, and we are the observed of all who choose to observe as they lounge and saunter past. Dinner, for the most part, has declined before our arrival, and is being consummated by little half-cups of strong coffee, made stronger by burnt brandy, whose lambent blue flame substitutes the cream on its surface—or is succeeded by sherbet, lemonade, white wine, white beer, or iced sugar and water. Two or three parties are studiously engaged at dominoes, each as big as a lady's card-case, with which they make a wonderful rattle on the marble tables; others are playing at chess; and a brace of old hands deep in the labyrinths of a long game, are surrounded by a group of amateurs anxiously awaiting the next move, of which there are no present symptoms. Outside the door, enjoying the coolness of the evening—for the day has been exceedingly hot—seated at some two or three dozen of little round tables, are parties of both sexes, the ladies merry and talkative, the gentlemen sedately smoking. The white-aproned garçons are darting in and out, repeating their hurried orders—the clink of glass, the chink of money, the clatter of plates and dishes, the rattle of dominoes, the tattle of the ladies, the shuffle of innumerable feet, the hum of the promenading crowd, and the unceasing rumble of carriage-wheels—all together make up a characteristic and suggestive concert, the sound of which, now that our appetite is appeased, tempts us forth to an evening stroll.

'Garçon—what's to pay?'

'P'rée au cr'tons—hui—bistik-au-beurre—un fra'—poul' à l'm'engo—un fra'-et-d'mi—vol-au-vent—douze—bierre-blanche-et-p'tit-verre—un-fra'-quat'-fra'-et-d'mi-M'seu—merci-M'sieu.' So says the garçon in a single word; and we are in a condition to join the throng of promenaders outside. A very motley throng they are, differing in many respects from a London crowd, but in nothing perhaps more than in the absence of all crowding. The blouse mingles with the man of fashion—the high cap and short petticoat with the last new bonnet and the flounced gown that sweeps the

asphalt—but no man elbows his neighbour—the strong does not dream of pushing aside the weak, nor the rich of asserting a passage on the score of respectability. The recreation they seek is on the spot, and each class enjoys it irrespective of the other.

What may be called the Pleasure Boulevards of Paris, extend from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille—a distance of something like three miles. The most expensive and fashionable quarter is the Boulevard Italien, at the west end of the route; and the further east we go, the lower we descend in the social scale, though a certain degree of luxury and elegance characterises the whole route. The northern side of the road is almost exclusively devoted to purposes of recreation and refreshment, having comparatively but few shops for the sale of goods; while the southern side has more of a commercial character, it being there the finest shops in Paris are to be found. Both in lavish expenditure, and in the tastefulness of its application, the Parisian shopkeeper surpasses the Londoner: he does not hesitate to illuminate the whole front of his house in a style which is never seen with us but on occasions of general rejoicing; and in the display of silks and draperies, and the materials of female costume, he exercises a species of artistic skill, of which the English shopkeeper has not the remotest conception. Some of the first-class drapers' windows are in this respect a really curious and instructive spectacle, and lead to the suspicion, that the shopkeeper has secret recourse to the professional artist to determine the folds of his drapery. Among the richest shops in the Boulevards, are mingled a species of shops arranged, or rather disarranged, like lumber-rooms, where innumerable articles, the bare catalogue of which would fill a pamphlet, are to be sold at a fixed price. Now, it is pocket-knives at ten sous—now, walking-sticks at fifteen, or umbrellas at thirty, or parasols at five-and-twenty; memorandum-books of metallic paper at twelve; inkstands at five; and steel-pens at a penny the dozen. There is no limit to the articles to be had in these shops at a fixed price; and those appertaining to the toilet—brushes, combs, hand-mirrors, perfumes, &c.—form nearly one-half of the whole collection. Perhaps because it is Saturday-night, we find most of these shops crowded with customers, among whom the men in blouses are especially remarkable. On examining the bargains offered for sale at these low prices, we are not surprised to find that they are for the most part dear enough. You might bend the blades of the pocket-knives round your finger; the metallic paper of the memorandum-books is a fiction; the Malacca canes are painted deal; the umbrellas would not shield you from a shower; the steel-pens are the refuse of the Birmingham ware-houses—in a word, the cheap market of the poor Parisian is, for all useful purposes, twice as dear as that of the humble Englishman; yet, notwithstanding, it would appear to be far more encouraged.

Turning southwards as we approach the site of the old Temple, we get into a district which is the arena of much of the poor man's industry, and is proverbial as the poor man's market—such a district as in London would be half public-houses and gin-shops, all at this particular hour swarming with toppers of both sexes. There is no lack of wine-shops here, their grilled fronts showing like wild-beast cages; but on looking into them, we see very little drinking, and no drunkenness, no brawling, or indeed anybody to brawl: a glass of wine poured into a tumbler of water, and taken standing at the counter—such is the usual libation, and no more. Most of the wine-shops are empty, and some are in the act of closing, though it is not yet half-past ten o'clock. By this time we begin to feel drowsy, and are inclined to suspect that it must have been a fortnight ago at least since we left our bed in merry Islington; so we step into a yellow *renie* that comes

opportunistically along the narrow street, and are speedily dropped at our hotel, which for the next eight hours is to us the land of complete oblivion.

Sunday comes in with a soft warm shower, broken by gleams of sunshine. Every tree glistens in the clear air with a diamond crown. The clouds, having kindly laid the dust, have vanished with the breakfast-cloth, and we are free to look upon the Sunday aspect of Paris, as we make the best of our way towards the Oratoire, to attend the morning-service. Happening to come an hour or so too early, we find the school-children occupying the body of the chapel, and undergoing a course of examination from an inspector. The questions are on Scriptural subjects, and the replies of the children are marked by a ready intelligence which speaks well for the plan of instruction. After the examination, a hymn is sung, the children are briefly addressed, and, a short prayer said, are dismissed. As they retire, the congregation are assembling, and the morning-service commences, which in its routine differs but little from the episcopal service at home, except that it is more brief. The sermon, by a most accomplished preacher, occupies above an hour in the delivery. We are fortunate in listening to a perfect specimen of French pulpit-eloquence, accompanied by a grace of action too dramatic, perhaps, for English taste, but in the highest degree striking and impressive. We are not sorry, however, to vacate the uneasy rush-bottomed chair when the benediction is said, and to make our exit. The Louvre is not far off, and thither, from the sound of the preacher's voice, a good many of the congregation repair, we among the rest. The long picture-gallery is agreeably cool, and the cushioned seats in front of the Marriage Festival of Paul Veronese, or the divine Raphaels, offer a luxurious lounge after the chapel-chairs. We have been struck, in walking the streets of Paris, with the abnormal number of soldiers to be met with at every turn: such strange varieties of military garb we have never seen before—such superb and gorgeous uniforms mingled with such abominably ugly disguises—such dazzling helmets and cuirasses, such worthless caps and woollen jackets—such smart pantaloons and polished boots, such leather-brecks of bushel capacity and clumsy brogues. In the Louvre, we find them all mingled together, staring at the pictures, and lost in admiration at the splendours of the place. They are mostly drafts from the provinces, ignorant of Paris, and new to its wonders; and it is vain, if you have lost your route, or have any information to seek, that you apply for it to a soldier. The great majority of them are young fellows not long drawn in the conscription, and, as you may hear from their conversation, as unsophisticated as children.

In all the promenades of Paris, these military figures are ever conspicuous; and the gayer the spot, the more they seem to multiply. Leaving the Louvre, we join in the current setting in towards the Exposition, which bears us along through the Tuileries garden across the Place de la Concorde, and into the Champs Elysées. On Sunday, the price of entrance is only twopence, and to military men, a penny—soldiers enjoying the privilege here of getting all sorts of recreation and instruction at half-price. A vast crowd is consequently streaming into the building, with whom go the venders of portable refreshments, whom, it would appear, no regulation excludes. For the convenience of those who have not pence in hand—money not being changed at the payable—changers have established themselves in the vicinity, who, for a small percentage, supply the desideratum. We are not disposed to enter with the multitude, preferring to look at the world outside. The Champs Elysées at this moment are one vast pleasure-garden. Probably not less than a quarter of a million of the population are at this moment gathered beneath this forest of trees, whose dark shadows everywhere dapple the ground. To sit, to lie,

to lounge, to stroll in the shade, and to look upon the sunlight—to talk, to laugh, to listen, to smoke a meerschaum or a short pipe—to drink *eau sucrée* or wine and water—to beguile the time in this way, in the company of ten thousand other people doing the same thing—this is assuredly the climax of a Frenchman's pleasure—and this spot, where he enjoys it most, is his veritable home. The Exposition is surrounded by various other exhibitions of a different kind, near at hand being the notorious Mabilles, and a whole legion of spectacles, warlike, gymnastic, dansante, saltatory, legerdemain, equitative, and equivocal. Preparations have been made, and are making, for the accommodation of unnumbered multitudes—whom, after all, an event which is not a novelty may fail to attract, and who, if they do come, may not find that fascination in the Champs Elysées which their hosts anticipate.

In Paris, it is in vain that one looks on the Sunday for any demonstrations of the Sabbath. There is no 'sound of the church-going bell;' and of the church or chapel going people, the number is too small to be distinguishable among the masses that are going a-shopping or a holiday-making. Pleasure is the order of the day; and while all the shops are open, those shops especially which supply the materials of pleasure or personal display, are doing a double trade. After dinner, we set out on a pedestrian tour through the whole length of the Boulevards. It is curious to mark the different phases pleasure presents during a three miles' progress from west to east—the gradual change from pure fashion to no fashion that society undergoes in the transit from the Madeleine to the Column of July. The theatres are all open, and in spite of the sweltering heat, their queues are gathering fast against the hour of admission. These queues have an odd and rather ridiculous aspect, especially where four or five theatres stand side by side, and their tails, measuring from thirty to fifty yards apiece, have some difficulty in avoiding entanglement. In some places, they are partly fenced in, like sheep in a pen; but still the overflow stretches across the whole promenade, and bars the way. Each new-comer takes his or her post at the extremity of the tail—and when at length the door opens, there is neither pushing, squabbling, nor uproar, but all disappear into the building with the utmost deliberation and decorum. At the entrance of each theatre, is a whole battalion of *marchands de coco*, each with a dozen shining goblets stuck on his vest, and half as many brass tops under his arm, conveying the idea that the tin reservoir on his back is inexhaustible. The Orientals have their commissariat on a cheaper footing than have the Western powers. Strasburg beer and sour wine serve them instead of champagne and iced delicacies, and the *petit pain* substitutes the *pâtisserie*. About the Boulevard du Temple, one still finds some specimens of the popular amusements that characterised the spot in the days of legitimacy. Here a juggler exhibits his sleight-of-hand, his iron nerve, and his strength of muscle; a proprietor of fantoccini displays a single figure, which, at the word of command, goes through endless protean changes, assuming a different aspect at the will of its owner; and a hawk of comic brochures lectures with extraordinary persistency of lung upon the contents of his columns, quoting now and then a covert satire, or a piquant joke, by way of sample—jokes and satires which might be much more to the purpose but for the censorship and the presence of the new military police, with their long swords, who are always within earshot of his eloquence. Fruit and gingerbread stalls share with the restaurants and cafés the patronage of the public, as we travel further on; the click of billiard-balls and the rattle of dominoes are heard from the open windows above, and mingle with the cries of the aged crones, who, tottering under the burden of a huge tin cylinder, big enough for the fattest of the fatest thieves, ejaculate, in broken tones: 'Croquets, cro-o-o-quets,

trois pour deux sous;' and the everlasting tin, tin, tin, and the 'à la fraîche!' of the coco-seller.

The stars are out by the time we reach the Column of July, where sleep the victors or victims, which you will, of the Revolution of 1830. The black column rises darkly against the clear sky, towards which the Genius of Liberty on its summit seems in the act of making a desperate effort for a sudden flight, as though convinced she had tarried there too long, and occupied but a ridiculous position. But, hark! there is the sound of choral voices, now rising loud, now murmuring faintly, amid which the shrill tones of a strong soprano are ever distinctly audible. It is a crowd of a hundred blouses and their wives, mixed with soldiers, grisettes, and gamins, gathered round a female who is playing a piano on wheels, and singing in unison with a couple of young fellows, whose office it is to sell the songs and assist her in teaching the purchasers to sing them. The songs are new, and so are the melodies, and both, it seems, are copyright; but whoever gives a penny for the songs, has now an opportunity of learning to sing them for nothing, and need not go to the expense of the music: so says the spokesman, as the music pauses at the end of a strain, and the pence flow in as the songs flow out. The books—each of which contains seven songs, and bears the imperial blue stamp on its first page—sell rapidly, though they do not contain one-twentieth of the matter of an English penny serial, and are printed in a style that would have disgraced Seven Dials even fifty years ago.

We are glad by this time to make one of seventeen in an omnibus, and to be borne back through the hum of the never-ending crowd, and past the interminable vistas of eaters, drinkers, loungers, smokers, and babblers, whose Sabbath has no rest nor quiet in it; and in wanting repose, wants at least its material influence.

Monday wakes up with the martial clang of trumpets, the tramp of prancing steeds, and the heavy march of dense columns of infantry to the Champ de Mars. A grand review comes off to-day in presence of the emperor, the empress, and the king of Portugal. From early morn, the quays on the southern bank of the river are alive with armed men, both horse and foot, who, hour after hour, continue defiling towards the scene of action. An enterprising cabman will convey us, for a consideration, to an eligible point of view; and before noon, we find ourselves deposited on the left bank, which commands the whole area. It is calculated that at least 200,000 spectators are present upon the artificial mounds that surround the field; and in the level plain below, 30,000 infantry and 6000 cavalry will go through their warlike evolutions. Notwithstanding the vast numbers of spectators assembled, there is neither crowding nor inconvenience, but ample space even for double the number. The shade of noble trees, everywhere planted on the high mounds, screens the multitude from the hot sun; this consists of all classes and ages, and both sexes: whole families have migrated hither for the day; and not a few, pending the absence of the emperor, who will not be on the ground till two o'clock, are unpacking their provisions, and taking their mid-day meal. Hundreds of blouses lie prone on the shelving sides of the mound, sleeping in the shade; and hundreds more, bent on turning a penny by the spectacle, are vociferously pursuing some temporary calling which will expire with the occasion. Here, a couple of stout fellows have drawn to the foot of the mound a hogshead, which they have tapped at both ends, and are drawing off for the benefit of the thirsty crowd, while the wife of one of them bawls ever and anon: 'Lim'nade, fraîche et bonne, à deux liards—deux liards la lim'nade!' Thirst is cheaply quenched at less than a farthing; and if the so-called lemonade is nothing but water faintly tinged with liquorice, what matters that to him who drinks but to quench his

thirst? There, a tent, neatly pitched, with flag flying, and seats and tables within, offers more solid refreshment in the shape of cold viands, with wine or beer; and yonder is a wooden chalet, which was erected since the dawn, and where, if you like, you can lunch in private, or, as that florid specimen of John Bull is doing, with your better-half by your side. Then, if you want a view of the empress, you have but to mount yonder scaffolding when she comes, and peep through that long telescope at the cost of 2½d., and you shall see her as plainly as though you were seated with her in the same carriage.

At length the clang of kettle-drums and trumpets announces the arrival of the emperor. There is a welcoming roar of acclamations from the soldiery, but exclusively from them—not a soul among the spectators thinking it worth while to make a demonstration of any sort. The imperial chariot dashes across the ground at full gallop, and a few minutes later we discern through the telescope the empress seated in the balcony of the palace, garbed in blue satin, and apparently a pleased spectator of the magnificent show. Now the evolutions commence. Of these we shall not be expected to give any account. A description of what takes place, so far as it can be seen, would in fact amount to very little. The sight of rapidly-marching squadrons of foot—turning, wheeling, forming in column and deploying in line, running at the *pas de charge*, or condensed in serried squares—such things are nothing to read of; nor is the thundering charge of heavy cavalry, with flashing swords and gleaming helmets, much better. All this, however, soon gives rise to a new element that adds an air of real romance to the scene; and that element is—dust. The wide plain of the Champ de Mars owns not a single blade of grass; the soil, a light sand, is raised in clouds by the incessant trampling; and ere the game has been half an hour afoot, the dust of the review plays the part of the smoke of a battle. It is amid dense clouds of dust the thundering charges are made, and a few glittering head-pieces and flashing swords are all that can be discerned of a thousand mounted men, whose advance shakes the solid earth. It is through a veil of dust the emperor is seen galloping along the lines, shewing through the haze like a dusky apparition, seen for a moment, and then gone. It is in a whirlwind of dust the artillery comes roaring and crashing on, with the noise of an express-train, leaving a fog of dust in its rear which blots the whole field from view for the next quarter of an hour. Perhaps the most curious thing in all this tremendous exhibition, is the almost utter absence of curiosity on the part of the majority of those who have come to witness it. The lazy, do-nothing enjoyment of the multitude suffers no interruption from the military display. They look on with perfect nonchalance—or they do not look on, but lie and lounge in groups on the grass, discussing their picnics. If at any point there is a rush to see the spectacle, the movement originates with the English or German strangers, of whom there are considerable numbers on the ground, and to whom the sight is a novelty; but the natives are not to be surprised into any demonstration of concern. About five o'clock, the affair is over, and the soldiers, by various routes, are drawn off to the barracks. The departure of the cavalry is the signal for the dispersing of the multitude, who now begin to scatter in every direction. Not choosing to venture the chance of a crush, we return to the city by a by-route little frequented. Here it is our hap to fall in with some unfortunate field-forces whom the fatigues of the day have put *hors de combat*. Reviews have their lists of casualties as well as battle-fields, and men may sink to earth as effectually beaten by fatigue, and dust, and heavy accoutrements, as by the bullet of the enemy. It is pleasant, however, to note that they are not dead, but merely swooning, and that they revive

and look alive at the instigation of the water-bottle and the *petit verre*.

In the evening, we find ourselves wandering about at the rear of the Louvre, where the builders are at work, but have not succeeded in dislodging the itinerant quacks, who, for the last thirty years or more, have professed their miraculous cures on that spot—and who yet display their broad paper-banners among the masses of stone and piles of rubbish which accompany the birth of the new street. Not being dropsical; having neither gout nor rheumatism, nor corns, nor decayed teeth, nor freckles, nor warts, nor bunions, nor wens, nor kernels to get rid of—and not standing in need either of flowing hair or whiskers, or white hands, or a clear skin, or anything else of that sort here offered for twopence-halfpenny, we pass on into the Palais-Royal, which, during the reign of despotism, has been eclipsed by the superior attractions to be found elsewhere, and is now in that melancholy phase of existence which men designate by the term 'going out of vogue.' The crowd is a second-class crowd; the fountain is dry; and the myriads of rush-bottomed chairs are all rotten; and in paying a penny to sit upon one, you pay fifty per cent. of its value in any reasonable market. We prophesy that the doom of Golden Square hangs over the Palais-Royal—the decree which abolished gambling has given a stab in its very vitals, and it has been dying ever since; already the rents have fallen one-half, and its old brilliant reputation is gone. What of its old character it yet retains, is not the best part. Roguery still stands behind its counters; and even Parisians themselves will warn the stranger to have his wits about him, if he ventures within the shop-doors.

We were going to ask, What has become of the bill-sticker of Paris? and to say some wise things about the tax which virtually abolishes posting-bills. We were likewise going to lay hold of a squalid figure—the representative of the destitute of the population—vanishing from the eye of the police in that foul and narrow lane. But we think better of it. In this flying trip, it is only with the outside of things we have to do—with the picture, the style, the colours, the plaster of Paris: as for the darker tints, they serve only to make the lights come out brighter; and if a sound should meet our ear that has 'no business there,' it is presently lost in the crash of the orchestra.

LIFE AND CONVERSATION OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING many efforts to effect a change of livings, and thus escape the expensive necessity of building a new parsonage at Foston, Sydney Smith was finally reduced to the alternative of either building or resigning. To resign, would have been to throw himself upon the world again, without any regular resources; so, after sufficiently considering everything, he determined to build. He set about this work like a humorist, but also like one who had prudently calculated the cost of the undertaking. As he himself has left us an account of his achievement, we cannot describe it better than by quoting his own words:—

'All my efforts for an exchange having failed,' he says, 'I asked and obtained from my friend the archbishop another year to build in. And I then set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest; sent for an architect; he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow: "You build for glory, sir; I, for use." I returned him his plans, with five-and-twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair, and in a few hours Mrs Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses.

I then took to horse, to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks of my own clay; of course, when the kiln was opened, all bad; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen; bought four—Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of sal-volatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first—took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman; sold my oxen; bought a team of horses; and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks—in spite of walls running down with wet—in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends, who predicted our death—in spite of an infant of six months old, who had never been out of the house—I landed my family in my new house, nine months after laying the first stone, on the 20th of March; and performed my promise to the letter to the archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly established them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house; a feat—taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration—requiring, I assure you, no small degree of energy.

It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster, to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned farmer, as I could not let my land. A man-servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a mile-stone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals: Bunch became the best butler in the county.

I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals; took a carpenter—who came to me for parish-relief, called Jack Robinson—with a face like a full-moon, into my service; established him in a barn, and said: "Jack, furnish my house."

At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment: after diligent search, I discovered in the back-settlements of a York coach-maker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay, but for Mrs Sydney's earnest entreaties, we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms: it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring. I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighbourhood; the village-boys cheered it, and the village-dogs barked at it; but "*Faber mea fortuna*" was my motto, and we had no false shame.

Added to all these domestic cares, I was village-parson, village-doctor, village-comforter, village-magistrate, and Edinburgh Reviewer; so you see I had not much time on my hands to regret London. My house was considered the ugliest in the county, but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable; and we did not die, as our friends had predicted, of the damp walls of the parsonage.

The removal to Foston took place in the year 1814. Almost as soon as it was effected, Mr Smith was appointed a county magistrate, in which capacity he appears to have done good service. His daughter tells us: 'He set himself vigorously to work to study Blackstone, and made himself master of as much law as possible, instead of blundering on, as many of his neighbours were content to do. Partly by this

knowledge, partly by his good-humour, he gained a considerable influence in the quorum, which used to meet once a fortnight at the little inn, called the Lobster-house; and the people used to say, they were "going to get a little of Mr Smith's lobster-sauce." By dint of his powerful voice, and a little wooden hammer, he prevailed on Bob and Betty to speak one at a time; he always tried, and often succeeded, in turning foes into friends.' Having a great dislike of the game-laws, then enforced with the utmost stringency, he was always secretly on the side of the poacher—'much to the indignation of his fellow-magistrates, who in a poacher saw a monster of iniquity'—and always contrived, if possible, to let him escape, rather than commit him to jail, with the certainty of his returning a more accomplished criminal than he was likely to be if left alone. 'Young delinquents he never could bear to commit, but read them a severe lecture, and in extreme cases called out: "John, bring me my *private gallows*!" which infallibly brought the little urchins weeping on their knees, and "Oh! for God's sake, your honour, pray forgive us!" and his honour used graciously to pardon them for this time, and delay the arrival of the private gallows, and seldom had occasion to repeat the threat.' In his intercourse with his parishioners, he was uniformly hearty and good-natured—not keeping them at a cold restraining distance, but entering intimately into all their interests, and giving them the kindest advice and help in their perplexities and troubles, whether small or great.

During the early part of his residence at Foston, having occasion to move about the country a good deal, Mr Smith was much in the habit of riding on horseback; but either from the badness of his horses, or the badness of his riding, or, as his daughter suggests, perhaps from both—notwithstanding 'various ingenious contrivances to keep himself in the saddle'—he was frequently sustaining falls, and thereby kept his family in continual anxiety. On this subject he thus playfully writes in a letter: 'I used to think a fall from a horse dangerous, but much experience has convinced me to the contrary. I have had six falls in two years, and just behaved like the Three per Cents. when they fall—I got up again, and am not a bit the worse for it, any more than the stock in question.' Again, he says: 'I left off riding, for the good of my parish and the peace of my family; for, somehow or other, my horse and I had a habit of parting company. On one occasion, I found myself suddenly prostrate in the streets of York, much to the delight of the Dissenters. Another time, my horse Calamity flung me over his head into a neighbouring parish, as if I had been a shuttle-cock, and I felt grateful it was not into a neighbouring planet.'

This horse 'Calamity' is deserving of further notice, as he was a horse of Mr Smith's own rearing, and seems to have been a highly characteristic quadruped—'a huge, lank, large-boned' creature, 'of chestnut colour, and with four white legs;' also an animal, from his infancy, with an appetite unbounded—devouring grass, hay, oats, beans, and every variety of food, moist and dry, with incredible voracity, and yet withal remaining as lean as though he had lived on what is called 'sign-post hay'—that is, by gnawing at the posts and palings of a public-house, as horses sometimes do when the rider is inside drinking. 'He stood,' says Lady Holland, 'a large living skeleton, with famine written in his face, and my father christened him Calamity. As Calamity grew to maturity, he was found to be as sluggish in disposition as his master was impetuous; so my father was driven to invent his patent Tantalus, which consisted of a small sieve of corn, suspended on a semicircular bar of iron, from the ends of the shafts, just beyond the horse's nose. The corn, rattling as the vehicle proceeded, stimulated Calamity to unwanted exertions; and under the hope of overtaking this

imaginary feed, he did more work than all the previous provender which he had swallowed had been able to obtain from him.'

All the animals upon his farm, he treated with gentleness and benevolent attention; going commonly every day after dinner to visit horses, cows, calves, and pigs, patting them and joking to them; and they all appeared to welcome him, as though understanding that he was their friend, for, indeed, 'he cared for their comforts, as he cared for the comforts of every living being around him.' He had various little inventions designed on purpose for their gratification. He used to observe to visitors: 'All animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down your gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal Scratcher—a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn. You have no idea how popular it is: I have not had a gate broken since I put it up.' Then, the game ran and flew about his grounds, as far as he was concerned, quite unmolested; as on settling in the country, he made a resolution not to shoot. He did not, however, pretend to any humane motive in the matter, but says he formed the resolution, 'first, because I found, on trying at Lord Grey's, that the birds seemed to consider the muzzle of my gun as their safest position; secondly, because I never could help shutting my eyes when I fired my gun, so was not likely to improve; and thirdly, because if you do shoot, the squire and the poacher both consider you as their natural enemy, and I thought it more clerical to be at peace with both.' These simple anecdotes seem to us to illustrate very pleasantly the genial and unpretending character of the man, and seem therefore worth repeating and remembering.

His indoor tastes were likewise simple and full of heartiness. He used to write his sermons and reviews in the common sitting-room, with his children playing round him; and would often leave off in the evening to tell them most laughable stories of his own inventing, and then, kissing their enkindled faces, would send them off to bed in the happiest state of mind and temper. He never indulged in any pleasures which his family did not share. Passionately fond as he was of books, he hardly added one volume to the little stock he brought down with him from London; though without a Cyclopædia, or many of those books of reference, of which he so often felt the want in his literary pursuits. When a present of books now and then arrived from some of his kind old friends, who knew the pleasure it would afford, he was almost child-like in his delight, particularly if the binding was a gay one; and he would set his daughter to arrange and re-arrange them on his shelves, so as to give them the most conspicuous situation. He spent much time in reading and composition, and was seldom or never unoccupied, except when talking. He had always some subject in hand to investigate, and never considered his education finished. He read with great rapidity, but yet contrived to carry away from a book everything in it that was worth knowing. When engaged in writing on any subject, he was indefatigable in reading, searching, inquiring, seeking every source of information, and discussing it with any man of sense or cultivation who crossed his path. 'But having once mastered it, he would sit down, and you might see him committing his ideas to paper with the same rapidity that they flowed out in his conversation—no hesitation, no erasures, no stopping to consider and round his periods, no writing for effect, but a pouring out of the fulness of his mind and feelings, for he was heart and soul in whatever he undertook. One could see by his countenance how much he was interested or amused as fresh images came clustering round his pen; he hardly ever altered or corrected what he had written;

indeed, he was so impatient of this, that he could hardly bear the trouble of even looking over what he had written, and would not unfrequently throw the manuscript down on the table as soon as finished, and say: "There, it is done; now, Kate, do look it over, and put in the dots to the *i's* and strokes to the *f's*"—and he would sally forth to his morning's walk.'

In the year 1821, it suddenly came into the mind of an old lady, Aunt Mary by name, who was possessed of considerable wealth, to pay a visit to the parsonage at Foston; and she seems to have so much approved of all she saw in the little establishment, that on her death, in the following year, she left Mr Smith a most unexpected legacy. Though not large, it then seemed to the family circle something like unbounded riches. On receiving it, Sydney immediately paid back to his brother Robert—whom he used facetiously to call Bobus—a sum of money which he had lately borrowed towards the expenses of his son's education at Westminster School; and his next step was to call his family all around him, saying: 'You must all share in this windfall; so choose something you would like.' They all made their choice, and thereby derived a little extra happiness. In May of the next year, Mr Smith went up to stay a short time in his brother's house in London—as, indeed, he usually did every spring. On these occasions, there was always a great struggle for his society. Many weeks before he set off, invitations used to come down into the country; and he was often engaged every night, during his stay, for three weeks beforehand. But in the midst of all this dissipation and popularity, he never forgot his home and family. Every morning, at breakfast, appeared his letter to Mrs Smith, giving an account of his daily proceedings, together with minute directions about his farm and parish—not always, we are told, in the most legible handwriting. A family council was often held over the epistle, to settle the question of its contents—once, so entirely without success, that Mrs Smith, as the matter seemed urgent, cut out the passage, and enclosed it to him, to be rewritten or explained; but he returned it, saying, he 'must decline ever reading his own handwriting four-and-twenty hours after he had written it.' He was so aware of the badness of his calligraphy, that in a letter to Mr Travers, who wished to see one of his sermons, he said: 'I would send it you with pleasure; but my writing is as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.' The handwriting of his friend, Lord Jeffrey, is said to have been still worse, which may be reckoned something of a distinction in its way. Sydney once wrote to him, on receiving one of his letters: 'My dear Jeffrey, we are much obliged by your letter, but should be still more so if it were legible. I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs Sydney from right to left, and we neither of us can decipher a single word of it.'

Mr Smith held the living of Foston up to the year 1829, when he was translated to Combe Florey, in Somersetshire, a few miles from Taunton. Some time previously, he had been exalted to a canonry at Bristol, bestowed on him by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, who, though wholly differing from Mr Smith in politics, entertained the highest admiration for his personal character and talents, and had the courage and generosity to serve him without regard to party considerations. This promotion was a step in life which added very materially to Sydney's happiness. 'Moralists tell you,' said he, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people; but I can safely say, I have been happier every guinea I have gained. I well remember, when Mrs Sydney and I were young, in London, with no other equipage than my umbrella, when we went out to dinner in a hackney-coach, when

the rattling step was let down, and the proud, powdered red-plushes grinned, and her gown was fringed with straw, how the iron entered into my soul.' Yet, he goes on to thank God for his animal spirits. While he found others in possession of everything in this world to be desired, who were nevertheless melancholy and discontented, he observes: 'I, who have never had a house, or land, or a farthing to spare, am sometimes mad with spirits, and must laugh, talk, or burst.'

Combe Florey was in every way a striking contrast to Foston, being situated in a charming country, and, to use his own expression, was, in comparison with his former residence, as Lord Byron's poetry to Sternhold and Hopkins. He says, in a letter to Lady Holland: 'I sit in my beautiful study, looking upon a thousand flowers, and read agreeable books, in order to keep up arguments with Lord Holland and Allen. I thank God heartily for my comfortable situation in my old age—above my deserts, and beyond my former hopes.' At Bristol, he acquired an immense and immediate popularity. After his first sermon, which was on the subject of toleration, and preached before the mayor and corporation, the cathedral, which had previously been pretty well deserted, was filled to suffocation with admiring hearers. Long before the doors were opened, a crowd was collected round them; the heads of the standers in the aisle were so thick-set, that you could nowhere have thrust in another; and men were to be seen holding up their hats above their heads, that they might not be crushed by the pressure. His stay at Bristol was not a lengthened one; but we ourselves have had opportunities of learning that no clergyman in that city was ever more universally esteemed.

When the Whigs came into office previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, Earl Grey appointed Mr Smith to a prebendal stall at St Paul's, in exchange for the one, of inferior value, he held at Bristol. There was often talk at that time, and afterwards, of his being sometime made a bishop; but no Whig government ever remembered him when bishoprics were vacant. Lord Melbourne, at a later date, after losing office, used to say, that there was nothing he more deeply regretted, in looking back on his past career, than the oversight which had kept him from making Sydney Smith a bishop. It certainly seems a pity that no Whig minister ever paid their old and faithful champion the simple compliment of offering him the mitre, since the party might have gained unquestionable credit by it at absolutely no expense. Sydney Smith, in his old days, would not have accepted a bishopric, if he, one of the most truthful men that ever lived, is to be believed on his own word.

Alternately at Combe Florey and in London, he now passed the remainder of his life, utterly indifferent about any further promotion. There is little more, in the way of biographical incident, to relate; and we may now fill up our paper with some extracts from his letters, and notes of his conversational pleasantries. Here is a jocular extravagance, which, we believe, Sam Slick has plagiarised: 'Nothing amuses me more than to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs Jackson called the other day, and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. "Heat, ma'am," I said: "it was so dreadful here, that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh, and sit in my bones." "Take off your flesh, and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr Smith, how could you do that?" she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. "Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time." But she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.'

Once, at Mr Romilly's, there arose a discussion on the *Inferno* of Dante, and the tortures he had invented. 'He may be a great poet,' said Smith; 'but as to invention, I consider him a mere bungler—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken

it in hand, I would shew you what torture really was; for instance"—turning merrily to his old friend Mrs Marcet—"you should have been doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay—let me consider. Oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence.' 'And what would you condemn me to, Mr Sydney?' asked a young matron. 'Why,' said he, 'you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling down stairs, and never be able to save them. There! what tortures are there in Dante equal to these?'

His candour in making no pretence to unseasonable enthusiasm is here well illustrated: 'One day, Mr Rogers took Mr Moore and my father home in his carriage from a breakfast, and insisted on shewing them, by the way, Dryden's house, in some obscure street. It was very wet; the house looked very much like other old houses; and having thin shoes on, they both remonstrated; but in vain. Rogers got out, and stood expecting them. "Oh! you see why Rogers don't mind getting out," exclaimed my father, laughing, and leaning out of the carriage—"he has got goloshes on; but, Rogers, lend us each a golosh, and we will then stand on one leg, and admire as long as you please."

Here we have an amusing piece of exaggeration. 'Some one mentioned that a young Scotchman, who had been lately in the neighbourhood, was about to marry an Irish widow, double his age, and of considerable dimensions. "Going to marry her!" exclaimed Sydney, bursting out laughing—"going to marry her! He could not marry her all himself. It would be a case, not of bigamy, but trigamy. The neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk round her, always providing there were frequent resting-places, and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act, and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." "Oh, Mr Sydney!" said a young lady, recovering from the general laugh, "did you make all that yourself?" "Yes, Lucy," throwing himself back in his chair, and shaking with laughter—"all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think, when I am about to make a joke, I send for my neighbours, or consult the clerk and church-wardens upon it? But let us go into the garden;" and, all laughing till we cried, without hats or bonnets, we sallied forth out of his glorified window into the garden.'

This was at Combe Florey, where he was then entertaining a party of friends from a distance. We may as well give the passage which next follows in the memoir, shewing a curious practical jest he had prepared for the mystification of his visitors. 'Opposite was a beautiful bank, with a hanging wood of fine old beech and oak, on the summit of which presented themselves, to our astonished eyes, two donkeys, with deer's antlers fastened on their heads, which ever and anon they shook, much wondering at their horned honours; whilst their attendant donkey-boy, in Sunday-garb, stood grinning and blushing at their side. "There, Lady —! you said the only thing this place wanted was deer; what do you say now? I have, you see, ordered my gamekeeper to drive my deer into the

most picturesque point of view. Excuse their long ears—a little peculiarity belonging to parsonic deer. Their voices, too, are singular; but we do our best for you, and you are too true a friend to the church to mention our defects." All this, of course, amidst shouts of laughter, whilst his own merry laugh might be heard above us all, ringing through the valley, and making the very echoes laugh in chorus.

Now for a short raid into the letters. Here is an amusing passage on the longevity of bishops, date 1830:—"I think Lord Grey will give me some preferment if he stays in long enough; but the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig ministry by an improved health. The bishop of — has the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the dean of — to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these are men who are called Christians!"

Writing to Mr Monckton Milnes, in the summer of 1838, he says: "I have been wandering about the coast, for Mrs Sydney's health; and am taken by the Preventive Service for a brandy-merchant, waiting an opportunity of running goods on a large scale."

Two years later, we find him writing thus on the subject of gout:—"Mrs Sydney is still living on the stock of health she laid up at Brighton; I am pretty well, except gout, asthma, and pains in all the bones and all the flesh of my body. What a very singular disease gout is! It seems as if the stomach fell down into the feet. The smallest deviation from right diet is immediately punished by limping and lameness, and the innocent ankle and blameless instep are tortured for the vices of the nobler organs. The stomach having found this easy way of getting rid of inconveniences, becomes cruelly despotic, and punishes for the least offences. A plum, a glass of champagne, excess in joy, excess in grief—any crime, however small, is sufficient for redness, swelling, spasms, and large shoes."

To an accomplished Frenchman, who had written to him requesting a few particulars of his history, he thus describes himself in the last year of his life: "I am seventy-four years of age; and being canon of St Paul's, in London, and a rector of a parish in the country, my time is divided equally between town and country. I am living amongst the best society in the metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health, a mild Whig, a tolerating churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man; have found the world an entertaining world; and am thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

His published writings which still remain unnoticed, are—his *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton on the Ecclesiastical Commission*; a number of *Sermons and Speeches* delivered on different occasions; a pamphlet on the *Ballot*; *Letters on Railways*; his *Petition and Letters on American Repudiation*; and a *Fragment on the Question of Paying the Irish Clergy*. They had all an extensive circulation at the time when they were published; and as they are included in his collected works, they may be presumed to be tolerably well known to the majority of our readers. Any comment or remark upon them would, therefore, seem in this place unnecessary. Everybody acquainted with his works is thoroughly aware, that though a wit of the first order, Sydney Smith is something more—that, in fact, his wisdom is equal to his wit; and that, on most occasions, the latter was mainly used to enforce the lessons of the former. Mr Everett, the American ambassador, seems to have hit the exact truth when he said: "The first remark that I made to myself, after listening to Mr Sydney Smith's conversation, was, that if he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day, he would have been accounted one of the wisest."

The picture of his life and activity presented in the present volumes is extremely beautiful, and may be contemplated with great advantage. A more honest, hearty, kindly, and amiable man, the world has never seen. In his last hours, he sent messages of kindness and forgiveness to the few he thought had injured him. Almost his last act was to bestow a small living of £120 per annum on a poor, worthy, and friendless clergyman, who had lived a long life of struggle with poverty on £40 a year. Full of happiness and gratitude, the good man entreated that he might be allowed to see his benefactor; but Sydney then so dreaded any agitation, that he most unwillingly consented, saying: "Then, he must not thank me; I am too weak to bear it." The clergyman entered, received a few words of advice, and silently pressing the hand of his first friend, blessed his death-bed. Sydney Smith, the bright and genial, not long afterwards closed his eyes upon the world: he expired on the 22d of February 1845, and now lies buried in the cemetery of Kensal Green.

OUR NEW ALLY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A FEW months ago, the British public were informed that the Queen of England and the Emperor of the French had entered upon a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire against the aggressions of Russia, with Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, Cyprus, and Jerusalem, Duke of Savoy and Genoa, Prince of Piedmont, &c.

The spectacle presented by this gallant little kingdom, whose wounds received in the unequal contest with Austria in 1848-9 are scarcely healed, should enlist our sympathy and rivet our attention. When in the very midst of the noble work of giving stability to an infant constitution, organising civil and religious liberty, stemming the torrent of demagogical violence, and breaking down the barrier of traditional prejudice, she hears and answers promptly the invitation of the Western powers, and rushes dauntlessly into a contest for which more powerful monarchies stand tremblingly aloof. No enforced coalition, no mercenary aid, as has been wrongly stated, is that given by the enlightened government of Sardinia in the mighty struggle now waging on the blood-stained fields of the Crimea. Conscious that in checking the colossal power of Russia, and the spirit of bigoted Absolutism—of which that power is the representative—lies the secret of maintaining her institutions, her national independence, and of furthering the emancipation of Italy, Piedmont now sends forth 18,000 of her choicest troops to the shores of the Euxine, on which, five centuries ago, the banner of the House of Savoy was victoriously planted. With faith in her high destinies to lead her onward in her mission of regeneration and progress—with chronicles from whose records of chivalrous daring and unstained loyalty her sons derive encouragement and example—this remarkable state, compared with the other governments of Italy, stands forth like the living among the dead. While they are visited for their ruins and monuments, and mourned over for their degeneracy and decay, Piedmont claims our notice by her vigorous growth and industrial enterprise, her crowded ports and busy thoroughfares—unmistakable evidences of the welfare of the present, and harbingers of her future place amongst the nations. No European kingdom exhibits a more singular picture of the gradual annexation of small territories, fused by the slow process of centuries into a united and wealthy state, which, cradled amidst the Alpine valleys of Savoy, now extends

its possessions from Provence to Tuscany, along the fairest portion of the Mediterranean coast, and boasts of a flourishing population of five millions, animated with a spirit of energy and nationality to which no other people of the Italian peninsula can lay claim.

The enumeration of the titles of the king of Sardinia, as set forth in the convention to which we have alluded, may perhaps have excited some surprise in those who are not familiar with Italian history; and in the supposition that an outline of the past history of our new ally will give a clearer insight into the actual condition and prospects of the country, whose vital interests and our own are, for the time being, so closely identified, the following sketch has been attempted.

Cyprus and Jerusalem, it need hardly be remarked, are mere titular designations, assumed by the Princes of Savoy in consequence of intermarriages, in the middle ages, with heiresses of the House of Lusignan, which long held a feeble sceptre in the East, and transmitted an empty claim to sovereignty to its descendants.

The founder of the present dynasty was Beroldo, a powerful vassal of the king of Burgundy, who in the year 1000 was invested with the fief of Maurienne, in Savoy, in the possession of which he was succeeded by his eldest son, Umberto the White-handed; so named, it is recorded, from the unspotted honour and integrity of all his dealings.

It is good for a family, whether royal or otherwise, to have the example of such an ancestor to emulate; and, accordingly, we find his successors, in an age when the code of Chivalry embodied all the virtues deemed essential to the wellbeing of society, proving themselves good knights and true, and spreading the fame of their prowess far beyond the narrow limits of their territories. By his marriage with Adelaide of Susa, a powerful and gifted princess, who brought as her dowry a considerable portion of the most fertile parts of Piedmont, the Count Oddone, fourth of his line, established a footing on the other side of the Alps; which, though hotly contested after the death of Adelaide by the numerous claimants to her possessions, left Turin, Susa, and Pignerol—comprehending the valleys since so famous as the refuge of the Waldenses—together with the title of Marquis of Italy, to the Counts of Savoy, to say nothing of pretensions to the entire inheritance, that, steadily pursued through centuries, became ultimately successful.

Among the most warlike of these princes, we find Amadeus III., who died in the Second Crusade, and Amadeus V., celebrated as the deliverer of Rhodes; while the names of two others are too singularly interwoven with English history to pass unnoticed. Of these, the first was the Comte Pierre, uncle by marriage to our Henry III., who frequently visited England, was loaded with favours, and created Earl of Richmond by that monarch—the palace of the Savoy being, moreover, expressly built for his residence.

His son, Thomas I., enjoyed the same favour, which no doubt contributed to increase the discontent expressed by the English at their king's partiality for foreigners, and the expenses he incurred in entertaining them. One of the flattering distinctions paid to the Count of Savoy we should, however, in this age consider no wasteful superfluity—the streets of London, we are expressly told, having been swept in honour of his arrival. Both these princes possessed a great reputation for sagacity and moderation, especially the Comte Pierre, who was chosen as arbitrator in a quarrel between Henry and his prelates, and on another occasion negotiated peace between France and England.

But the hero of the House of Savoy, on whose fame the chronicles of the period love to dwell—whose daring and achievements, too, would require the genius of a Scott to have depicted—is Amadeus VI., commonly

known as the Comte Vert, one of the most renowned princes of the fourteenth century.

He first displayed his address in arms at a solemn tournament held at Chambery, the capital of Savoy, when he was but fourteen years of age, and presented himself in the lists arrayed in green armour, surrounded by esquires and pages similarly equipped. It was to commemorate his success on this occasion, when he obtained the suffrages of the assembled flower of European Chivalry, that Amadeus adopted green as his especial colour, from which his surname of the Comte Vert was derived.

The great event of this reign was the expedition in aid of John Palæologus, emperor of the East, who, being sorely pressed by Amurath at the head of his fierce Ottomans, implored the assistance of Christendom to prop his tottering throne. His kinsman, the Count of Savoy, promptly responded to this appeal; and causing a large fleet of galleys to be fitted out at Venice, repaired thither, across Italy, with a large force of knights, men-at-arms, archers, and slingers. A contemporary writer relates how, the day of departure having arrived, 'the noble count, followed by his princes and barons, walking two and two, attired in surcoats of green velvet, richly embroidered, proceeded to the place of embarkation. Bands of music, going before, filled the air with harmony; while the people of Venice, thronging to behold this goodly spectacle, broke forth into shouts of "Savoia! Savoia!" amidst which, and prolonged flourishes of trumpets, the Comte Vert put to sea, 1366 A.D.'

Gallipoli, a stronghold of the Turks, who thus closely menaced the safety of the imperial capital, was the first object of attack; and being carried by assault, the white cross of Savoy was displayed upon its walls. From thence proceeding to Constantinople, the count learned the disastrous intelligence, that the emperor was a prisoner in the hands of the Bulgarians. Determined to effect his deliverance, he at once passed the Bosphorus, entered the Black Sea, and landed on the shores of Bulgaria. Mesembria was taken by storm; and Varna, an opulent and strongly fortified city, was obliged to capitulate. These rapid victories compelled the enemy to sue for peace, of which the liberation of the emperor was the first condition.

Returning in triumph to Constantinople with the monarch whom his prowess had set free, Amadeus seems to have experienced the proverbial thanklessness of the Palæologi; for, as the chronicler pithily remarks, 'it was reserved for Italy, by her magnificent reception of the Comte Vert, to atone to him for the ingratitude of the Greeks.'

A still more remarkable evidence of the estimation in which Amadeus was held, is given by the fact of his being elected, a few years later, to decide on the conflicting claims of the rival republics of Genoa and Venice, between whom many sovereign princes, even the supreme pontiff himself, had ineffectually attempted to mediate. On an appointed day, the envoys of the contending states appeared before the Count of Savoy at Turin, and set forth their respective grievances, which he duly weighed and pondered over; then himself drawing up solemn articles of peace, they were sworn to and signed in his presence.

In the reign following that of the renowned Comte Vert, whose memory is still a beacon to the soldiers of Piedmont, Nice, and a portion of the western shores of the Mediterranean, became incorporated with Piedmont and Savoy, by a nobler triumph than that of conquest, having petitioned to be united to the dominions of the House of Savoy, as a guarantee of just and paternal government.

The life of Amadeus VIII., who flourished contemporarily with our Henry VI. and the disastrous Wars of the Roses, is another romance, which in the days when that style of composition was popular, would have

furnished materials for half-a-dozen historical novels. After considerably extending his possessions in Piedmont, he received from the Emperor Sigismund of Germany—which country exercised a sort of suzerainty over the principalities of Italy that, with the single exception of the kingdom of Sardinia, Austria in great measure retains to this day—the title of Duke in lieu of Count of Savoy. Renowned for his wisdom, courage, and political foresight, Amadeus, when still in the meridian of his glory, abdicated, and with six of his former companions-in-arms and trusty counsellors, retired to the hermitage of Ripaille, near the lake of Geneva. The asceticism here practised does not appear to have been very severe, since *faire Ripaille* has passed into a proverb in Switzerland, to indicate good cheer and easy living; but be this as it may, the duke was some years afterwards summoned from his retirement, having been elected pope under the title of Felix V.

For nearly a century following, the prosperity of the duchy was overcast; feeble princes, alternating with feeble regencies and their attendant evils, held the reins of government, and Piedmont became the arena on which the French and Imperialists contended. The Dukes of Savoy, alternately forced into alliance with Francis I. of France and the Emperor Charles V., the position of their territories rendering it impossible for them to preserve neutrality, lost equally from friend and foe; far from being able to follow up the cherished policy of their family, and as the reward of their allegiance obtain 'a few leaves of that Artichoke Lombardy,' to the possession of which they had ever aspired, they saw themselves gradually stripped of their ancestral dominions, till a single town in Piedmont was all that remained in their hands.

The singular firmness and energy of character which distinguishes these Highlanders of Italy, as they are termed, seems but to have gained strength from these vicissitudes; and we find the House of Savoy restored to more than its pristine lustre, and reinstated in its former possessions—with the exception of Geneva, which in the general turmoil had succeeded in establishing its independence in the middle of the sixteenth century—the Duke Emmanuel Philibert, the Iron-headed, renowned for his victories in Flanders as the lieutenant of Philip II. of Spain, espousing the sister of the king of France. It was at the tournament in honour of this marriage, that King Henry II. met his death, and these knightly pastimes ceased to be held in France and Savoy.

A phase in the history of Piedmont, less favourable than any under which it has hitherto been contemplated, is the spirit of religious persecution manifested against the Waldenses or Vaudois. Established in their sub-alpine valleys and fastnesses from a very remote period, these sturdy champions of primitive Christianity were a constant source of umbrage to the papal see, who incited the princes of Savoy, as loyal servants of the church, to extirpate such foul heresy from their states. One of the most terrible of the ruthless crusades to which they were subjected was in 1655, familiar to most of us by Milton's noble hymn, 'Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints,' and Cromwell's energetic remonstrance with the court of Turin in their behalf. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century that the sword of persecution was finally sheathed, although considerable restrictions still continued to be imposed upon the Vaudois, who were, nevertheless, remarkable for their faithful allegiance to their sovereign, and for their courage and hardihood as soldiers. The constitution of 1847-8 finally secured them the right to exercise their worship in any part of the Sardinian dominions, and a handsome church for that purpose has been built at Turin, to the bitter mortification of the high conservative party, who prognosticate the downfall of the country from these concessions.

The independence and the heresy of Geneva were also

a grievous thorn in the flesh to the Dukes of Savoy, who could not easily forego their former right to its dominion; and in 1602, a formidable expedition was secretly organised against it by Charles Emmanuel I., with the concurrence of the courts of Rome, Paris, and Madrid. Three hundred volunteers from the main body of the army had actually, in the dead of the night, succeeded in scaling the walls, when the premature explosion of a petard, designed to force open the city-gates, gave the alarm. The inhabitants, some hastily armed, others half clad as they sprang from their slumbers, rushed into the streets, and drove back the invaders with great loss. Finding their retreat cut off by the destruction of the ladders by which they had ascended, the few survivors flung themselves from the ramparts into the ditch, and carried the intelligence of their defeat to the Duke of Savoy, who was advancing to reap the enjoyment of the triumph he already deemed secure. The Escalade, as it is termed, is justly celebrated in the annals of Geneva, which, six months after, concluded a treaty with Savoy, on terms as flattering to herself as they were mortifying to the duke, who said in his last illness, 'that those rebels of Geneva weighed like lead upon his stomach.'

The opening of the eighteenth century again beheld Piedmont the theatre of bloody wars, in consequence of the disputed succession to the crown of Spain. The duke sided with the imperial party, which England also supported, and saw his states overrun by the French, who for some time held possession of Turin. The siege and recapture of his capital—in which Victor Amadeus II. was aided by his cousin, the celebrated Prince Eugene, Marlborough's colleague—was the turning-point in his fortunes. The latter part of his reign was marked with signal prosperity: invested with the title of king of Sardinia, the island of that name having been transferred from the possession of Spain, and bestowed on him as some compensation for his losses and sacrifices in the war, he devoted himself to the embellishment of Turin, the formation of a standing army, and the restoration of the finances of the state, leaving behind him a reputation for indomitable energy and perseverance, on which the historians of Piedmont dwell with pardonable pride.

His successor steadily pursued his policy, and obtained some part of the Milanese territory—a few more leaves of the artichoke, towards which, like every enterprising prince of his line, his political views were constantly directed.

The outbreak of the first French Revolution again threatened the House of Savoy with destruction. Almost simultaneously, in 1792, the territory of Nice, and the whole of Savoy, were invaded, and occupied by the troops of the Directory; a few years later, Piedmont was incorporated into the French dominions, and Sardinia was all that remained to Charles Emmanuel IV., who, in 1796, succeeded to what he bitterly designated as 'a veritable crown of thorns.'

From this desperate condition, with that singular rebound which is to be observed in the annals of this dynasty, he was recalled in 1815 to occupy his former dominions, with the addition of Genoa, who reluctantly saw herself degraded from her independent position as a republic, to form part of a kingdom which had long excited her jealousy and apprehension.

Between this period and 1847, the history of Piedmont offers little of interest; the quiet development of its internal resources, the accumulating wealth of its exchequer, the minute care bestowed on its army, being less conspicuous to a general observer, than the severity of its police, the rigour with which all political freedom of speech or writing was proscribed, and the especial protection which the Jesuits enjoyed. The sudden transition, therefore, when Charles Albert, long looked upon as the representative of absolutism, spontaneously granted a constitution embodying liberty of

the press, religious toleration, and the National Guard, took all Europe by surprise, and called forth the remonstrances of Austria, who had already ineffectually endeavoured to assume over Piedmont the influence conceded to her by every other state of the peninsula. There seems now little doubt that the expression which, several years before, in spite of his habitual reserve, had escaped the king, relative to the strict economy he introduced into the finances, 'It is to enable us to do great things,' indicated the ultimate object he had in view; equally significant was his silent disregard of Austria's admonitions in 1838, when it was intimated to him from Vienna, that he would do well to reduce his army to a footing more commensurate to the size of his dominions. Many other instances of Austria's jealous interference, of the deep-rooted antagonism which was yearly growing more inveterate, might be cited, but would lead us far beyond our present limits; while the motives which led Charles Albert so long and profoundly to dissemble, are revealed in a characteristic expression recorded by Gualterio, a writer on the recent events in Italy: 'The time is not yet come!' In a manuscript containing some of his retrospections and observations, dated 1840, the singular bias of his mind is still more forcibly displayed: as if in justification of his dominant ambition, and to give a religious colouring to his secret views on Lombardy, subject to the Austrian rule, the following passage from Deuteronomy is transcribed: 'Thou mayest not set a stranger over thee, which is not thy brother.'

In 1847-8, the mask of years was thrown aside; the time had come—so Charles Albert deemed it—and he stood forth as the recognised champion of Italian unity and independence, hailed by many as the destined regenerator of Italy—the king as he used to be mysteriously spoken of at Milan. Three political writers, Gioberti, Balbo, Azeglio, by their works, which appeared successively two or three years previous, had produced a thrill of excitement and expectation throughout the peninsula, such as none but a participator in the feverish anticipations of the moment can comprehend: they pointed to the king of Sardinia as the object of their hopes, the future leader of their armies, the head of an Italian confederation, the representative of constitutional monarchy. Everywhere hailed with enthusiasm, the fulfilment of the destinies of his house now seemed within his grasp; and the poetical veneration with which he had always invested the memory of his ancestor, the Comte Vert, whose device, '*j'attends mon astre*,' he had adopted as his own, acquired a greater force and significance. With his singular combination of profound dissimulation, religious fervour, reckless courage, and unwavering ambition, Charles Albert appears like a grand mediæval figure upon the crowded stage of the nineteenth century—an enigma to his contemporaries, a moral problem which future generations alone will be fully competent to solve.

The events following the bold innovations of 1847, are too well known to be here enumerated. In March of the following year, at the invitation of the insurgent Milanese, the king threw down the gauntlet against Austria; and with his two gallant sons, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, marched at the head of his army into Lombardy, where for two months success crowned his enterprise. But on the day which saw him victorious at Goito, and receiving the intelligence of the fall of the citadel of Peschiera, the star of Charles Albert had reached its zenith.

Like a paladin of old, he had fancied he could win the iron crown of Upper Italy at the point of his sword; with no previous experience of the duties of a general in actual warfare, he carried on the campaign in a spirit of chivalrous courtesy and forbearance, evidently modelled on his family traditions, and worthily supported by the courage and devotedness

of his troops, but ill suited to cope with the skilful strategy and unscrupulousness of the Austrians.

While the Piedmontese soldiers fainted from exhaustion in the midst of plenty, forbidden to appropriate anything save what was freely proffered for sale by the Lombard peasantry, the Austrians vigorously levied contributions on every side, the stick being always at hand to enforce compliance, and laughed at the chivalrous proceedings of their foe. But more fatal by far to the cause of Italian independence, than any errors in the conduct of the war, were the intrigues and disaffection of the ultra-republican party in Lombardy, which, jealous of the king's influence, and aiming at a separate form of government, sowed disunion amongst their countrymen, and unconsciously did Austria better service than all the exertions of her bravest armies in the field.

After a rapid series of reverses, the commencement of August saw Charles Albert doubly besieged—the Austrians threatening the gates of Milan, on the ramparts of which, contesting the ground inch by inch, his shattered forces had retreated; and assailed by an infuriated rabble within the city, who, surrounding the Palazzo Greppi, where he had fixed his quarters, denounced him as their betrayer, with frightful execrations. When it was known that, through the mediation of the English minister, Sir Ralph Abercromby—anxious to preserve the city, totally unprovided with ammunition to resist a siege, from the horrors of an assault—an armistice had been agreed to, by which the remains of the Piedmontese army were suffered to retire unmolested across the Tesino into their own territory, 'Death to the traitor, Charles Albert!' became the rallying-cry, and shots were fired against the windows of the palace, while desperate attempts were made to force the entrance, defended by a handful of the royal body-guard. Impossible amidst the tumult, not a muscle of his pale stern face betraying the slightest personal apprehension, the king strictly charged his adherents to take no life in his defence—'I would sooner be assassinated,' he said, 'than see my soldiers shed the blood of one Italian on my behalf.' It was not until the night was far advanced, and a barrel of gunpowder was being brought forward by the insurgents, with the design of blowing up the principal entrance, that a brave officer, Alfonso Della Marmora, unknown to the king, escaped from the beleaguered palace, and hastening to the ramparts, returned with a battalion of the guards, who, dispersing the crowd with the but-ends of their muskets, effected their sovereign's rescue. On foot, at midnight, Charles Albert thus quitted Milan, where, a few short months before, his name had been hailed with idolatrous exclamations and frenzied enthusiasm; yet in that moment of surpassing bitterness, no indication of weakness was discernible; and the energy with which he applied himself, on his return to Turin, in rallying the exhausted condition of the country, was worthy of the most distinguished princes of the House of Savoy.

The next year, 1849, in the month of March, the war was renewed. After a campaign of three days, treachery and disaffection again doing their disastrous work—having in vain sought upon the fatal plain of Novara for a soldier's grave—conspicuous by his tall figure and martial bearing wherever danger most abounded, the king was at length forced by his attendants from the field. 'Let me die,' he is said to have exclaimed; '*this is my last day!*'

Abdicating that same evening in favour of his eldest son, the Duke of Savoy, now Victor Emmanuel II., he embraced him in the midst of his assembled officers, and presented him to them as their king; then without returning to Turin, or seeking to bid any of his family farewell, he set out that night with a single attendant to Oporto, where, enveloping himself in the strictest

seclusion, he died, after three months, of that most incurable of all diseases—a broken heart.

We purpose taking another opportunity of completing this subject, by an account of existing men and things in Sardinia.

A RUSSIAN NOVELIST.

THERE seems to be a very general impression in this country, that the literature of Russia is little worth. Our German neighbours, however, know better, and possess in their language spirited versions of the works of many Russian writers, whose very names are unknown amongst us. One modern author, Rukolnik, excels in the delineation of Russian everyday-life and manners. The greater number of his tales are historical; and while there is nothing very new or striking in their plots or incidents, there is a naive and quiet humour, a power of individualising character, and giving lifelike reality to imaginary scenes, that almost entitle the writer to rank with the best French and English *littérateurs* of the day.

From one of his tales, *The New Year*, we translate a few scenes, using the excellent German version of Herr Lewald. The scene is laid in the reign of Peter the Great, just after he had abolished the troublesome corps of the Strelitzes, and was about to change the calendar—the year, until his time, being always reckoned to commence in September. The story begins by describing the czar Peter choosing a common soldier, Alexander Iwanowitsch, to be his personal attendant.

Heavy duties awaited Alexander—from morning till evening to attend on the czar, with scarcely any interval; at night, to watch and be ready to present the tablet and pencil whenever any new idea occurred to his majesty; in the morning, he had to go into the office, look after and detect the tricks of the officials, and bring such a report to Peter as might enable him to decide on all matters of business; for in Russia the czar is a god upon earth, and creates men a second time, according to his pleasure. Alexander Danilitsch Menschikoff was a simple soldier, when the czar, for his intellect and punctuality, raised him to the rank of a noble. Sometimes, when the czar met a commonplace-looking German, he looked into his soul, and decided that he would make a valiant woiwode. Did the appearance of a clerk in a shop happen to please him—'I know him, I know him!' said the czar; 'he will make a skilful ambassador.' It was a monarch's business, he used to say, to study men, and select such from every rank as might best serve the state.

'Go, Alexander Iwanowitsch,' he would say—'such a bojar thinks too much of himself. Go, tell him the truth; and, if necessary, shave off his beard. Here's a German ambassador coming—go, Alexander, and see that a room be washed out for his reception; that the curtains be hung, the carpet spread; a cask of mead, one of beer, and a small one of Rhenish wine be placed for him in the cellar. Look after it all with thine own eyes. Why art thou sitting there idle? Thou hast glue, paper, and gunpowder—make fire-wheels and rockets. The new year will soon be here; September is nearly come; we shall want plenty of these things for rejoicing.' And so it went on. Alexander rose higher daily in Peter's good graces; yet the poor fellow still remained only a *deutschik*.*

The storms which, morally speaking, had purified the atmosphere of Russia, were over. Ukase after ukase, directed to every corner of the vast and various empire, had at length the effect of concentrating its scattered forces, and reviving its sinking vitality.

* *Deutschik*—a low rank of servant to the czar, inferior to a chamberlain.

Only to God in heaven, and to one man upon earth, was it known what would become of the fifth division of the world.* In everything was there tumult and disquietude. Even those who stood nearest to the throne, often shook their heads as they read the frequent ukases issued by the czar respecting recruiting, stamps, the regulation of the beard, of travelling, &c. Alexander Iwanowitsch, however, did not think himself entitled to shake his head at anything bearing the signature of the mighty reformer; and he often said to the others: 'Don't trouble your heads to criticise the orders you receive, but do your best to obey them.'

The 1st of September, the first day of the new year, came. The czar went in the morning to Moscow; Alexander followed him, dressed in new regimentals, which he had dusted well with the czar's brush. Crowds of people stood in the streets, awaiting Peter's arrival: deep anxiety and dejection were visible on their countenances. Thousands of those connected with the Strelitzes had been brought to the block, and thousands more lay in prison. Another and scarcely less important cause of discontent amongst the ignorant populace, was the war waged by the czar against the beards, and the ancient fashion of clothing. Some held their beards fast, as if they feared that some court emissary might come up secretly and rob them of their treasure. The usual attribute of New-year's Day, the double throne for the czar and the patriarch, was not to be seen in the market-place. Fear and astonishment seemed to have possessed the people. At length, the bells began to ring, and the crowd bowed their uncovered heads to the earth. The czar approached on foot, leading his six-years' old son by the hand. After him came the czarina, Ewdokia Feodorowna, in half-European, half-Asiatic costume. She was followed by her ladies in European dress, and without veils. Then came the bojar Seeleni, and the principal civil and military officers. One loud hurra hailed the czar; but when the innovation of ladies without veils and officials without beards appeared, the shout of joy was changed into a deep groan. In many parts of the crowd was heard loud and bitter weeping.

'Ah, my Heaven!' sobbed an old woman, 'how they have plucked our poor bojars, as if they were Germans!' Peter turned towards a group of soldiers, and nodded to them.

'A happy New Year, comrades!' said he. But the czarina, and the other ladies of the royal family, the aunts and sisters of the czar, turned away their heads, and looked haughtily towards the other side. The fair maidens who followed, made amends for the absence of veils by casting down their eyes; yet the bright glow of the surrounding red uniforms, then worn by the *poteschni*, seemed to exercise a magnetic attraction on these same sparkling eyes, which, under cover of their long lashes, stole furtive glances as they passed, to be repaid by looks of undisguised admiration from the young officers on duty.

'I know them all,' said a soldier of the *preobraschenski*, Prince Lukka. His comrades looked at him with envy, but Alexander Iwanowitsch with somewhat of doubt.

'Oh, I think Alexander must have already danced with them all,' said a soldier of the same regiment laughingly.

'Am I then a dancer?' said Iwanowitsch. 'The czar has many servants fit for that, and he clothes them in shoes and stockings; but we *deutschiks* go in boots, and have to stand in corners while the others are dancing. All we can do, is to look, and that does not do us much good. Ah, what beautiful maidens! I only pray I may not dream that I am going to be married to one of them.'†

* Peter the Great once took a map of the world, wrote 'Europe' in the west, 'Asia' in the east, and 'Russia' on the remainder.

† The Russians believe that dreams always go by contraries.

The procession was over, the crowds began to disperse; and when the czar returned, he did not find Alexander at his usual post in the antechamber. Peter ascended to his deutschik's room, and paused at the half-open door to listen. Its tenant, believing himself in perfect solitude, was busily employed in practising a minuet. 'One, two, three—a bow! One, two, three, one, two, three—a bow!'

At the second bow, he came right against the door, where the czar was standing, laughing heartily. He was so taken by surprise, that he remained for some moments in the same position, without standing up.

'What's all this, Alexander? Who was your instructor?'

'Thy court-fool.'

'Which of them?'

'Hermann.'

'Ah, he's a great rascal; that is not the way to dance.'

And the czar shewed him how a minuet should be danced; but Alexander had practised the wrong way so thoroughly, that he could not now readily adopt the right. Discouraged at length, he walked towards the window, and refused to dance any more.

'What! art thou already weary?'

'No, czar, but I don't care to dance any more. I don't understand it, and it does not signify. What a figure I should cut at the ball! It will be much better for me not to think of dancing.'

'Don't lose courage. With such a head as thine—'

'Ah! but that's the misfortune—that the feet are not the head. And, after all, 'tis a pity; for I wanted to teach this new dance to all my friends at the ball, before thy entrance.'

'Come, then, try again. One, two, three—bow! One, two, three—bow!'

Suddenly Iwanowitsch seized the measure of the minuet, and did the step correctly.

'Thanks, czar,' said he; 'now I understand it. But don't punish the court-fool. What is his business but to make fools of other people?'

'Now,' said Peter, 'I am going to take a drive in my new one-horse car. I want to change the travelling fashion of my bojars. At present, not one of them will travel from his country-seat to Moscow without turning out seven or eight kibitkas and covered wagons, together with a family-coach like a dwelling-house. Now, I'll shew them a new example.' So the czar and Alexander set off to drive through the streets of Moscow in a one-horse vehicle of the simplest construction, and without an ornament of any kind.

The people were astonished, the bojars murmured, especially when the czar stopped to ask them how they liked his equipage, and advised each of them to bespeak such another. There was no occasion, he said, for any man to keep useless servants and useless horses. In returning, the czar drove through the Pokrowka quarter.

'Here is the dwelling of Andrea Artomonowitsch,' said Peter, as they passed by a tall stone-house. 'He is one of the best of the bojars, and what a daughter he has! Alexander, hast thou ever seen Maria Andrewna?'

'Not quite,' answered the deutschik, blushing to the tips of his ears.

The czar looked at him fixedly. 'What means "not quite?" and why dost thou turn so red?'

'The redness, czar, comes from the weather, and the "not quite" means that I saw only her side-face. She was in the procession.'

'And so the redness comes from the weather?' asked the czar. Alexander Iwanowitsch was silent.

'I don't allow this, Alexander. When thou art asked a question, be so good as to give a direct answer, that one may understand thee clearly.'

'I can't answer that.'

'Why not?'

'Because thou wouldst laugh.'

'I will not.'

'On thy word of honour?'

'Yes.'

'Even the side-face of Maria Andrewna is handsome.'

'Now I have thee!' answered the czar. 'Listen! Danilitsch Menschikoff began one time to tell me lies; I cudgelled him, and to some purpose. Whoever lies, even in jest, not out of diplomatic necessity, but from inclination, is a bad servant. And if I love a man, I cudgel lying well out of him; he'll thank me for it afterwards. Now, Alexander, take heed to thyself!'

'Another time, czar, I'll take better care.'

Time passed on. On the 6th of December, the czar again invited Alexander Iwanowitsch to drive with him, and the coachman was ordered to stop at the house of Andrea Artomonowitsch.

'Is the bojar at home?' inquired the czar of ten servants, dressed after the German fashion, who hastened down the steps.

'He is gone to church, but the young lady is at home.'

'Come, Alexander!'

They entered the gorgeously furnished guest-chamber. The czar's face darkened as Maria Andrewna, accompanied by her governess, entered the room.

'Good-morning, Mascha,' he said, as he took hold of the girl's long hair and kissed her on the forehead. 'What brings this old hag after thee?'

'My father's command.'

'I suppose 'tis not thine own choice?'

'My father's will is always my choice.'

'Good daughter! That pleases me; for rebellion against thy father would be the same as rebellion against the czar. Now tell me, does this youth please thee?' added he, drawing Alexander forward, who was bashfully standing near the door.

Maria blushed, and tried to run behind her governess; but the czar held her fast by the hands.

'Leave off this nonsense, Maschinka,' he said. 'What hast thou to be ashamed of? Thou must tell the truth to the czar, as thou wouldst to thy father.'

'I don't know,' replied Maria with a trembling voice and downcast eyes.

'Well, if thou dost not know, look at him.'

And Peter tried to lead her towards Alexander; but the shy deutschik retreated towards the door, just as it opened, and Andrea Artomonowitsch pushed against his back.

'Where art thou going, Alexander Iwanowitsch?' exclaimed he in surprise.

'He's running away from thy daughter,' said the czar; 'but thou and I, Artomonowitsch, will soon teach him better.'

'Yes, yes, we'll soon teach him,' answered the okolnitschi, chiming in with his master.

'And no need either to defer the lesson. See, thou hast a handsome piece of merchandise, and I a handsome purchaser. Let us agree: I'll make the match.'

Now it was Andrea's turn to step backwards. Maria ran to her governess, and concealed her glowing face behind the old woman. Alexander Iwanowitsch cast a woful glance at the czar, as if he meant to reproach him for jesting at his expense. Peter approached the okolnitschi.

'Now,' said he kindly, 'is it not true, Artomonowitsch, that I have found a handsome bridegroom for thy Maschinka?'

'Great is thy royal goodness!' answered Andrea, trembling and bowing. 'Only permit, great and mighty czar—only do not be angry if I make one request to thee, my lord and benefactor, that—how shall I say it?—thy majesty should choose a member of some old bojar family, and not this simple deutschik,

whose descent who knows?' And he fell on his knees before the czar.

Peter's eyes glowed with anger, but after a few moments he said, quickly yet calmly: 'Stand up! Thy posture suits badly with thy pride of heart. Stand up, and declare who made thee okolnitschi! The czar, Alexis Michaelowitsch of blessed memory, made thee his chamberlain, half for thy father's sake, who had been raised from an obscure condition by his predecessor. So don't pride thyself on thy descent, Artomonowitsch, but just say that thou wilt or wilt not.'

'Father,' whispered Maria, throwing her arms round his neck, 'don't make the czar angry!'

'Go to thy chamber!' was the fierce reply. Maria lingered; but the czar took her by the hand, and said:

'Go, Maschinka; God is gracious. I'll manage the matter, and do thou obey thy father.' Maria retired sadly, followed by her governess.

'Come, Artomonowitsch,' said 'the czar; 'time presses. Decide—how is it to be?'

'Let it be as thou wilt, only my Maschinka is too young—only nineteen. Permit us, czar, to wait a little. Let the marriage be deferred until next year.'

'Agreed,' said Peter. 'In the second week after New-year's Day, the wedding shall take place. Dost thou consent?'

'I thank thee, czar, for thy kindness.'

'Now, then, see that thou keepest thy word! And on New-year's Day we will have the betrothal.'

'I can only thank thee.'

'Now, then, kiss the bridegroom. So, all right. Now, embrace the match-maker. Farewell, Artomonowitsch; I thank thee for thy good decision.'

No sooner had the czar and Alexander taken their departure, than the okolnitschi called his daughter and her duenna to account.

'What hast thou been about, old night-owl!' he said to the latter, 'that thou must bring her down to receive men? A pretty mess thou hast got us into with this confounded deutschik. Nothing, forsooth, will do for him but to espouse the descendant of a bojar! And my young lady must follow the new fashions, and be treated all at once like a grown-up woman. Well, we'll see yet if we can't prevent it. A great deal of water runs by in a year! Now, mark me, girl—not a step shalt thou stir out of thine own apartments. And thou, old night-owl, take not thine eyes off her! If she catches another glimpse of the deutschik, even through a chink of a door, I'll pack thee out of the world! Is it for nothing that I am her father? Give her to a nameless deutschik, indeed! Wait until spring!'

The okolnitschi went into his room, and sat down to write a letter. As soon as he had finished it, he called one of his grooms, gave him five rubles, ordered him to take the three best horses from the stable, and to hasten to Woronesch with the letter, directed to Prince Lukka; and as soon as he obtained an answer, to return without delay. 'Drink no brandy by the way,' he added, 'but refresh thyself with beer; and now, go on thy way in God's name!'

'Alexander,' said the czar some days afterwards, 'hast thou lately visited thy bride?'

'What's the use of my going to the house?' said the deutschik; 'the okolnitschi will never allow his daughter to be seen. He says it is not the custom.'

'Does he so?' said Peter. 'Have patience!'

On the 15th of December, there was scarcely standing-room to be found in any church in Moscow. After prayers, a new ukase was to be read. It was first proclaimed in the Red Market-place with the sound of trumpets, and from the town-hall it was issued in printed sheets. The whole city was in a state of commotion: people could not believe either their eyes or ears. Every man in authority was surrounded by persons seeking information, and the whole crowd thus became

divided into groups. The court outside the house of the okolnitschi, Andrea Artomonowitsch, was filled with persons of various ranks. He had been taking a nap after a hearty breakfast, and was suddenly awakened by the noise. Looking out of the window, he asked a respectable shopkeeper, Zachoica Petroff, what was the matter. The latter, proud of being addressed, cleared his throat, and approached the window. 'I have the honour to announce to your Grace,' said he, 'that eight months have been taken from us by the czar—that is to say, that four months have, as it were, been thrown out of the window. We cannot reckon ourselves either in the new or in the old year; and it is generally said that we are to step over into the next century. The old reckoning is declared to be wrong, so that not one of us will be able to tell how old he is, or when he was born; and these four months are, so to speak, a sort of superfluity that we can do what we wish with.'

'What stuff!' cried the bojar. 'Some one has been making fools of the whole set of you!'

'No, bojar; it is a ukase: be so good as to read it. There it is.' And a copy of the proclamation flew into the room through the open window. The okolnitschi took it, and read as follows:—

'In the year of the world seven thousand eight hundred and twenty, on the fifteenth of December, has the mighty lord and prince the czar, Peter Alexiewitsch, ruler of Great, Little, and White Russia, ordained as follows: It is well known that not only amongst European nations, but also amongst several Slavonic tribes who acknowledge the authority of our orthodox church, the year is reckoned to commence eight days after the birth of Christ—that is, on the first of January, and not, as we at present reckon it, from the creation.'

'And whereas now from the birth of Our Lord the year 1699 is just about to end, and from the first of next January 1700, a new century will commence, it is ordered that in all offices, and in the transaction of both public and private business, the above date be employed, and the coming year be styled A.D. 1700.' Then followed specific directions as to the nature and extent of the public rejoicing appointed to celebrate this event.

Having deliberately finished the perusal of the ukase, Andrea Artomonowitsch shook his head mournfully.

'See what a cunning trick he has thought of,' said he—'Prince Lukka can never be here in time.'

'Now, what art thou thinking of, little father?*' asked a voice in the crowd.

'Go home, all of ye!' replied the okolnitschi; 'this has not been invented for you.'

'And for whom, then?'

'Tis a jest, children—a mere jest! A marriage that's wanted to be celebrated, and then everything will be as before!'

'What marriage, bojar?'

'What does that signify to you?' said Artomonowitsch angrily. 'Out of the court! march! You have heard that this fine device was not invented for you!'

The crowd dispersed; and the okolnitschi betook himself to the apartment of his daughter.

'I have the honour to wish your ladyship a happy new year! A pretty thing to have the whole city in confusion on account of a chit of a girl like thee! Order the horses to be harnessed immediately; we will set off without delay for our country-house.' The next moment it was announced to the okolnitschi that a diak from the town-hall awaited him. The diak entered, and announced the czar's command, that the whole Pokrowka quarter should be illuminated, and that Andrea should personally superintend the whole.

'A pretty way of spending money!' grumbled old Athanasia the governess.

* A phrase common in Russia, expressing both affection and respect.

'Thou art a fool!' retorted her master. 'I don't grudge my money to the czar; but how to escape giving my daughter to a nameless deutschik, I know not.'

'Why, is there anything about her marriage in the ukase?'

'Ah! thou dost not understand. I promised Maria to the Prince Lukka; and sent now to beg of him to come from the distant place in which he is, in order to try if between us we might effect a change in the czar's intentions. He, sharp man that he is, has found it out, and invented a new-year's day that Providence never thought of. He's so cunning—so very cunning! Now, just tell me what's to be done?'

'Ah, bojar!' sighed the old woman; 'I never thought that the son of thy loyal father would contradict the czar's will in anything!'

'Thou art a fool, Athanasia. The czar's word is law to me; but what is to become of my word pledged to the prince?'

'Why didst thou not say so to the czar?'

'Because I lost my presence of mind: it is not always so easy to speak to him.' A servant entered, and announced that the carriage was ready.

'Who ordered it?' asked the okolnitschi angrily.

'I did,' answered Athanasia. 'I must visit the shops, to purchase bridal-dresses.'

'As thou wilt, old woman. I wash mine hands in innocency.'

The eighteenth century had commenced. All the preparations for rejoicing were made in the Red Market-place. The czar with his own hand set off the first rocket; and amid the ringing of bells, and the thunder of cannon, all the streets were illuminated. Night was turned into day; the city was filled with rejoicing crowds; and all the members of the royal family appeared in gala-dresses. The doors and windows of the houses were decorated with evergreens, and the rejoicings lasted until morning, for no one would go to sleep between the going out of the old and the coming in of the new century.

On the 1st of January 1700, the czar, after hearing prayers, and receiving various official congratulations, gave a grand entertainment. At its conclusion, he repaired with Alexander Iwanowitsch and a select number of guests to the house of Andrea Artomonowitsch; and amid much festivity and drinking of healths, the betrothal of the deutschik and Maria Andreevna was solemnised. In the fulness of his heart, the okolnitschi confessed to the czar all his difficulties on the subject, and concluded by saying:

'Now, czar, there is one thing I do not understand: when thou didst determine on this affair, why didst thou not just say simply: "Artomonowitsch, I desire it?" and thou shouldst have been obeyed. Now, the people actually believe that thou art in earnest about this trick of the new year.' The czar laughed.

In the second week of the new year, the marriage was celebrated with great pomp.

The next day, Andrea Artomonowitsch asked the old governess: 'Has this new year been done away with yet, Athanasia?'

'I heard nothing of it as yet: perhaps this evening it may be done.' And the okolnitschi was silent.

Some years passed on. New-year's Day was come. In the newly built city of St Petersburg, Menschikoff gave a grand ball; Alexander Iwanowitsch invited a lady to dance, and as he gracefully led her out, the czar said, laughing, in an undertone: 'Now is the time of recompense.'

A servant handed a sealed letter to Alexander. 'Read!' said the czar.

Although it had just come to his turn to lead out his partner, our friend paused to read the paper; then abruptly rushing to the spot where his wife was standing, he led her towards the czar, and fell at his feet.

'Stand up, Alexander!' said Peter kindly. 'Only

teach thy children to serve their sovereign as faithfully as thou hast done.'

'Matweew, come here,' said the czar; and the Count Andrea Artomonowitsch stepped forward with the grace of a practised courtier.

'See, your excellence, Alexander Iwanowitsch has, like your worthy father, risen from a low estate to rank and wealth. Let him be known henceforward as Major-general Alexander Iwanowitsch Rumjanzow. And, believe me, it is only by merit that you and your descendants will rise to the highest dignities in the state.'

'Heaven grant, czar, that thou mayest prove a true prophet!' said Alexander. And brilliantly has the prophecy of Peter the Great been fulfilled.*

PEAT FOR PAPER.

UNTIL the day comes when some new, cheap, and efficient material for paper shall be really hit upon, it cannot be regarded as a waste of time or space if we occasionally touch upon the subject. In an article on the *Paper Difficulty*, the recent current of thought on this important matter was noticed (No. 44, p. 295). But since then, we have met with a few observations which seem worthy of attention respecting the possibility or otherwise of producing paper from turf or peat.

All the world knows that Ireland possesses bog, which may be reckoned by millions of acres; and any one who has travelled along the Midland Great Western Railway, from Dublin to Athlone and Galway, will have had opportunity for observing the dismal appearance which these bogs present, and the sad manner in which they occupy ground which otherwise, perchance, might be fitted for arable culture. The Irish bogs have been so repeatedly noticed in the first and second series of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, that our readers must be tolerably familiar with their general characteristics; and it may suffice to say, that among the schemes for meliorating these black patches on the face of a beautiful country, there have been plans for making peat-charcoal—for using peat as fuel in iron furnaces—for producing sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, naphtha, paraffine, volatile oil, and fixed oil, by treating peat with certain chemicals. But the question here is, Will peat suffice as a paper material? Now, it appears that this has really been attempted on the continent. There is peat both of a fibrous or a non-fibrous character, and the former kind alone will do for paper-making. There are, it appears, bogs of fibrous peat in Piedmont; and this peat has recently been subjected to experimental treatment at Turin. The most stringy or fibrous kinds of peat were combined, in a ratio varying from 80 to 95 per cent., with a small quantity of bark, old ropes, or bagging, and strong and excellent paper produced—not fine enough, we presume, for printing or writing paper. In 1838, M. Piette, of Cologne, published a description of certain processes whereby useful paper might be made from the upper layer of fibrous turf. M. Keller, of Kühnheide, in Saxony, has lately manufactured serviceable wrapping-paper from fibrous peat.

A French manufacturer, M. Lallemand, of Besançon, has taken out a patent for a process relating to this subject. He washes all the earthy matter from the fibrous part of the peat; he soaks it for many hours in a caustic lye; he soaks it for a shorter time in weak muriatic acid; he washes it, and steeps it for a short time in a solution of alum; he bleaches it with

* On the pillars in commemoration of peace, on which the Goddess of Peace is leaning, which were sculptured by Canova for the Rumjanzow Museum, are engraved—'Pax Abo, 1743; Pax Rainadsky, 1774; Pax Frederikshamn, 1809.' These peaces were respectively concluded by Alexander Iwanowitsch; by his son the Field-marshal Peter; and by his grandson the chancellor of the kingdom, Michael Paul.

chlorine; he mixes with it a small percentage of rag-stuff; and with the pulp, he makes paper in the ordinary way. A patent has been taken out in this country by Mr W. H. Clarke, for a process presenting certain points of resemblance to Lallemand's; and from a notice contained in *Sullivan's Journal* last autumn, it seems as if Ireland were about to try her hand in this very useful department of industry:—'It appears that Lieutenant-colonel Dickson, of Croom Castle, in the county of Limerick, has taken up this patent, and, in conjunction with Mr Clarke, is erecting experimental works at Clontahard and Tarbert, in the county of Kerry, where it is proposed to prepare materials for making paper, papier-maché, carton-pierre, &c. We wish the project every success, and hope that it will not meet with the fate of the many other really feasible and valuable manufactures which have been from time to time attempted here, but which have failed from ill-management. At this moment, the success of such a manufacture is of national interest; for, independent of the importance of utilising peat, its employment to a large extent in the manufacture of the low qualities of paper would go far to remedy the great scarcity of rags which now presses so heavily upon the paper-trade.'

The latter part of the above extract should be borne in mind. It is not that turf would yield good printing or writing paper, but that, by being used for paper of lower quality, it might economise the existing small store of rags, and at the same time it might benefit the districts whence the turf would be cut. As to the abundance of the supply in Ireland, there can be no doubt about this: the point to determine is—at what price can serviceable turf-paper be brought into the market? Perhaps it may be found that paste-board, mill-board, papier-maché, and carton-pierre, may be produced from peat more easily than thinner sheets of paper. There is already a method of making papier-maché from straw, by cutting, grinding, boiling, and working up into a pulp; but inasmuch as straw is valuable for scores of purposes, while bogs are blots and nuisances, there would be greater advantage in using peat, if suitable for the purpose—a matter which only careful experiments can determine.

For the sake of Ireland, and for the sake of paper-consumers, we could certainly wish that some of these projects might become something more than projects—might assume worthily the position of veritable manufactures.

A NEW KIND OF TEA.

The following notice of a new kind of tea, called *maté*, from South America, appears in an American newspaper; being apparently extracted from papers connected with the Agricultural division of the Patent Office:—'There was lately procured by Lieutenant Page, of the United States ship *Water-witch*, which is now engaged in exploring the river Platte, in South America, for distribution, the celebrated *maté*, or Paraguay tea. The leaves of this plant are used, by infusion, in Paraguay, Uruguay, the Argentine Republic, Chili, Peru, and Ecuador, by all classes of persons, and at all hours of the day. The Creoles drink the infusion in a pot called *maté*, from the spout of which the tea is drunk, with or without a little burnt sugar, cinnamon, or lemon-juice. They drink it at every meal, and seldom eat before they have taken some of it. The more wealthy and refined portion of the population, partake of the infusion from a *maté*, or teapot, formed of silver or other materials, by means of a tin or silver pipe, called *bombilla*, perforated with holes at one end, to prevent swallowing the pulverised herb which floats on the surface. The quantity of leaves used by a person who is fond of it, is an ounce. It is customary, in good society, to supply each of the party with a *maté* and pipe, with the infusion as near as possible to a boiling temperature, which those who are habituated to its use

can swallow without inconvenience; but often the whole household and their visitors are supplied by handing the *maté* from one to another, filling it up with hot water as fast as it becomes exhausted. If the water is suffered to remain long on the leaves, the decoction becomes of an inky blackness. The taste of the leaves, when green, somewhat resembles that of mallows, or the inferior kinds of green tea from China. The people of South America attribute innumerable virtues to this tree; but most of the qualities ascribed to it are doubtful. It is certainly aperient and diuretic, and, like opium, produces some singular and contrary effects. It is said to give sleep to the restless, and spirit to the torpid; and, like that drug, when a habit is once contracted of using it, it is difficult to leave it off; its effects on the constitution being similar to that produced by an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. The tree is highly ornamental, and doubtless would flourish in any soil and situation where *Magnolia grandiflora* would thrive. Hence its introduction into the middle and southern sections of the Union is well worthy of the attention of all who have proper conveniences for cultivating it.'

SONNET.

BY MARIE J. EWEN.

O LOFTY souls, that in the olden days
With 'hero music' filled this earth of ours,
And wreathed your crown in heaven with fadeless
flowers,
Making of life a glory and a praise,
That still rings sweetly through the poet's lays—
I pray ye—happy in your starry bowers—
Look gently down from your bright joy-lit towers
On me, sad pilgrim through these lonely ways;
Inspire me with fresh strength the while I trace
Your footprints through the dreamy mystic past;
O may ye in your perfectness of grace,
O'er my dark path, yet richer light-floods cast;
That spurning far the mean, the low, the base,
I still may stand in all good daring fast.

BARNUM'S ELEPHANT.

Passengers who travel by the New York and Newhaven cars have a grand chance of 'seeing the elephant.' Going from New York, the cars pass the farm of P. T. Barnum, a mile or so before reaching Bridgeport, Connecticut. On that farm, and in plain view from the railway, an elephant may be seen every pleasant day attached to a large plough, and doing up the sub-soiling in first-rate style, at the rate of about three distinct double-horse teams. The animal is perfectly tractable. His attendant rides him, while a coloured man guides the plough. The elephant is also used for carting large loads of gravel in a cart arranged purposely for him, and in drawing stone on a stone-boat or drag, in piling up wood, timber, &c., and in making himself generally useful.—*New York Tribune*.

GLACIAL SEA IN YORKSHIRE.

Professor Phillips states, that in a comparatively modern geological period, every part of Yorkshire below the level of 1500 feet was covered by the waters of a glacial sea. Icebergs appear to have floated over the whole of the Hull district, depositing, where they melted or overturned, the materials brought from the higher hills. Amongst these were blocks of stone from Cumberland and the West Riding, now found perched on the limestone hills. Some of them must have come over the Pass of Stainmoor, a height of 1440 feet.—*Year-book of Facts*.

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